

curved at the top and covered with straw.

These people have some virtues, hospitality, for instance. The women make baskets, which are sometimes artistic, being ornamented with different colored straw, woven in angular figures, and with feathers from gaily colored birds. Uncle Sam (in his paternal solicitude, no doubt) is doing all in his power to protect these Indians from their most dangerous enemy, rum, but with indifferent success. Heavy pen-

alties are laid upon the trader who supplies them, but an Indian will barter everything he has for a bottle of whiskey, and generally finds some unscrupulous dealer to supply him.

To this cause, and the diseases incidental to civilization, the decimation of this remnant of the old Yukiah Indians may be ascribed. Every year shows their number decreased, and a generation hence will find the last of the tribe awaiting his final call.

E. BROWN.

A TRUE MUSICIAN.

Will you hear to-day an old story, beginning just like many another story with "once upon a time?"

Once upon a time, then, in a certain monastery, the monks were very old, and when they chanted the divine office, their cracked voices jarred upon one another's ears. At last there came to them a novice with a lovely voice and the old monks were glad. No envy entered their hearts; softly they sang, in order to hear his singing; how exquisite the office seemed, as they listened and rejoiced. Yet, strange to tell, an angel, appearing in their midst one day, asked why the ear of God heard now no music from that place, where once His praises rang continually. Ah! the notes from those old cracked voices had of old gone up to Him, in all the beauty of holiness, musical with love; but, in the chant that they thought wonderfully sweet, pride had deadened the harmony, and it could not rise to heaven.

Such is the legend. Like many another quaint old tale it has its lesson, to be found, moreover, in Holy Writ, which bids us, whatsoever we do, in word or work, to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God.

The month of November is emphatically the month of the dead—of the glorious dead, forever safe in heaven—of the blessed dead, who wait in purga-

tory's patient pain and cleansing flames for their release. Grand alleluias mingle with the "*De Profundis*;" the ears of the soul are awake to spiritual melodies. Therefore in this month wherein occurs the feast of St. Cecelia, patron of sacred music and the apostle bidding us "teach and admonish one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual canticles, singing in grace in our hearts to God," we will turn our thoughts for a while to the consideration of sacred music.

The words wherewith prophets, seers and poets have described the heavenly city are so glowing and clear that the hearts of the loyal and true respond to them as if they saw into the glory. How vivid and strong the language is!

"No dream is this! Beyond that radiance golden,
God's sons I see, His armies bright and strong,
The ensanguined martyrs now with psalms high-
holden,

The Virgins there, a lily-lifting throng!

The splendors nearer draw. In choral blending
The prophets' and the apostles' chant I hear;
I see the Salem of the just descending,
With gates of pearl and diamond bastions sheer.

The walls are agate all, and chalcedony;
On jacinth street and jasper parapet,
The unwaning light is light of Deity,
Not beam of lessening moon, or suns that set."

If any men outside the priesthood